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Composition

Title: Marriage to My Lady Poverty

Creators: Bennett, C. and Chilcott, B.

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Version: Accepted version (lyric to accompany score)

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3 **Marriage to My Lady Poverty**

Here is the ring I have made for My Lady Poverty;
a ring I've woven from grass and wayside flowers.
It will sing on her hand like a skylark.

I am the bird who has come to take crumbs from your hand,
I can only stay for a moment. In my soft grey plumage
I fly to our wedding barefoot. I am far too shy to look at you.

We need no more than birds: they sing at dawn
and wander wherever they please. We ask for nothing
more than the birds of the sky: we ask for song.

We need no more than flowers: they flourish
in summer and sleep all winter long. We ask for nothing
more than the flowers of the field: we ask to blossom.

As I fly from our wedding I look back over my shoulder:
my husband is the flower in my heart;
his ring is singing on my finger.

When I hear the song of a lark I shall think of you.
When I lie in the open field on a bed of meadowsweet,
I shall hear your music singing me to sleep.